



THE LAND BEFORE TIME<sup>TM</sup>  
COLLECTION

STORYBOOK

# Cera's Big Idea





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# STORYBOOK **Cera's Big Idea**



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**Cera™ and her friends looked at the big tree across the river. It had many large, delicious-looking tree stars hanging from it.**

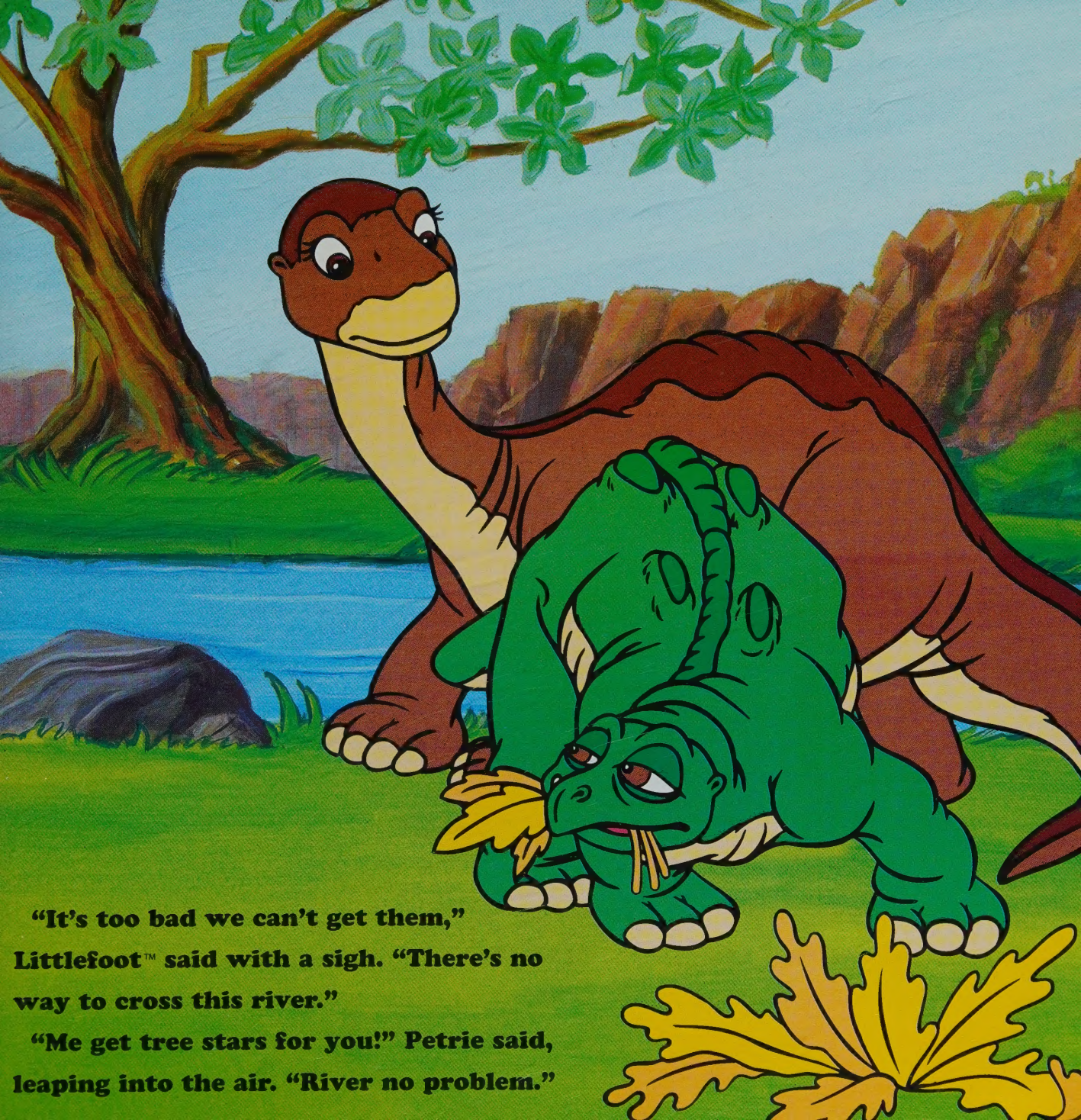
**“Yum! Those tree stars look soooo good!” exclaimed Cera.**

**“Yes, and they are big,” said Ducky™. “Very, very big.”**

**“Me never see any that big,” said Petrie™.**

**Spike™ just glanced across the river and went back to munching on a bush.**





**"It's too bad we can't get them,"**

**Littlefoot™ said with a sigh. "There's no way to cross this river."**

**"Me get tree stars for you!" Petrie said, leaping into the air. "River no problem."**





**Petrie flew easily over the river and to the other side. At the big tree, he picked out the smallest tree star he could find. Then, he pulled and pulled until, finally, it came free.**





**Petrie had a hard time flying back with the tree star. He flapped and flapped, straining his wings. Finally, it dropped out of his grip and washed away down the river.**

**“Me sorry,” Petrie said, huffing and puffing as he landed. “Tree star too big for Petrie.”**





**"Oh, well," said Littlefoot. "Maybe someday we'll find some tree stars like it on this side of the river."**

**"But I have never ever ever seen any," said Ducky. "No, no, no!"**

**"She's right," Cera declared. "I'm not giving up. Those tree stars look delicious, and I'm going to eat some!"**

**"But how, Cera? How?" asked Ducky. "The river is much too dangerous to swim across. Yes, it is."**



**"I'm going to make a bridge, that's how," Cera said.**  
**"By yourself?" Littlefoot asked uncertainly.**  
**"Of course!" Cera exclaimed, tossing her head. "A three-horn**  
**can do anything once she's put her mind to it!"**







**Littlefoot glanced at the others. Making a bridge was a big job, even for a grownup.**

**“What’s the matter? Don’t you think I can do it?” Cera asked in a challenging voice.**

**“Well, . . .” Littlefoot said, “. . . maybe if we all help.”**

**“I don’t want your help!” Cera grumbled. “I can make a bridge by myself—and I will.”**



**“Now, if you don’t mind, I have work to do!” Cera said.**

**Spike stayed behind to munch on his bush, but Littlefoot, Ducky, and Petrie left, shaking their heads.**

**Cera didn’t pay any attention to them. She saw a log lying on the ground nearby and knew it would make a perfect bridge.**







**Cera pushed at the log and it moved just a little bit. She pushed again, and it moved just a little more.**

**"Boy, this is hard work!" she said. And for a moment, she wondered if making a bridge was too big a job for one dinosaur.**



**Cera noticed Spike eating nearby. “Spike,” Cera said, “would you like to help? We’ll call it ‘The Cera and Spike Bridge.’”**

**Spike looked up, smiled and nodded his head.**







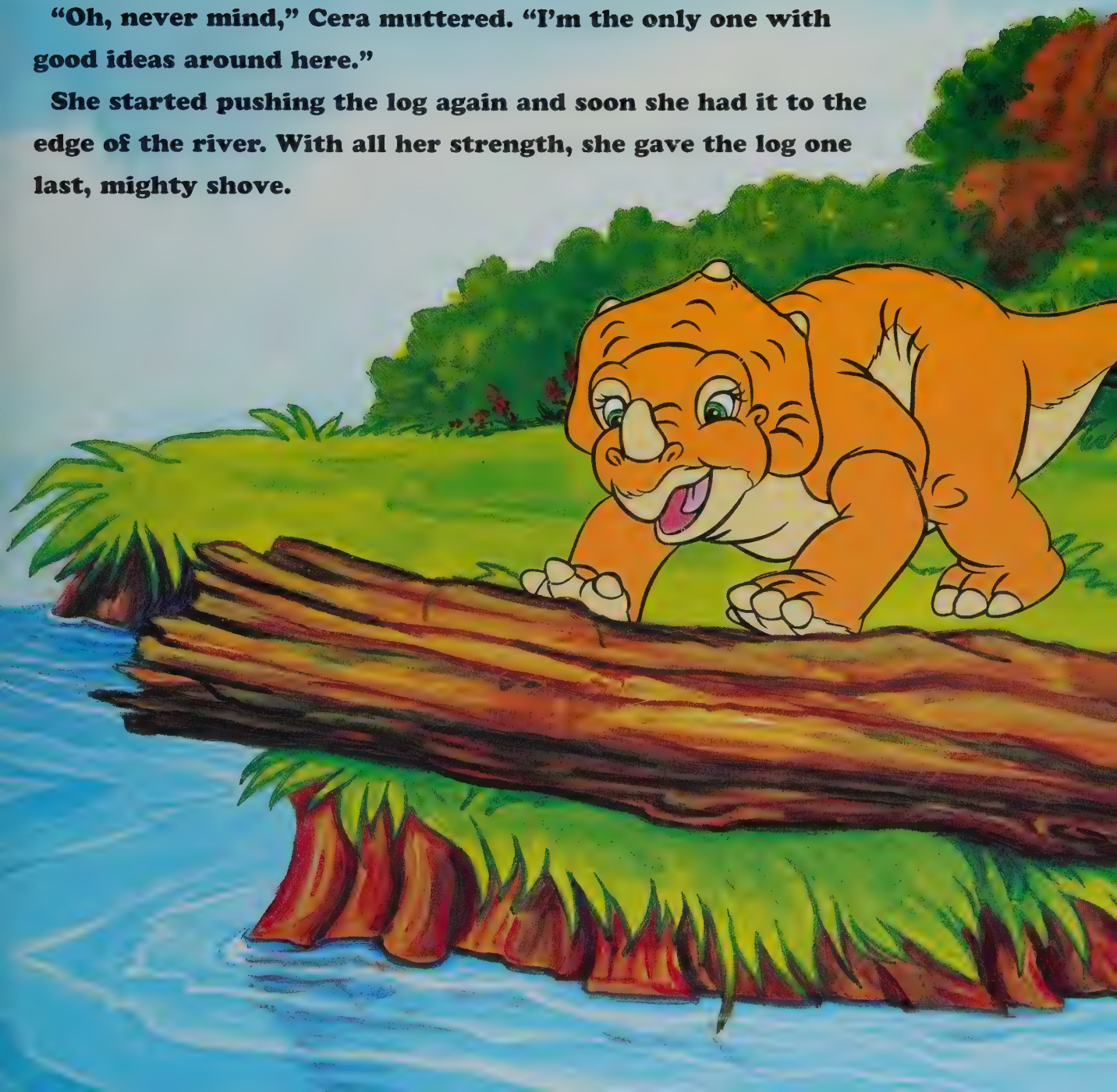
**Then, Spike did a strange thing. He walked right past Cera's log and up the hill toward a huge boulder.**

**"Come back here!" Cera yelled. "I thought you were going to help me!"**



**“Oh, never mind,” Cera muttered. “I’m the only one with good ideas around here.”**

**She started pushing the log again and soon she had it to the edge of the river. With all her strength, she gave the log one last, mighty shove.**

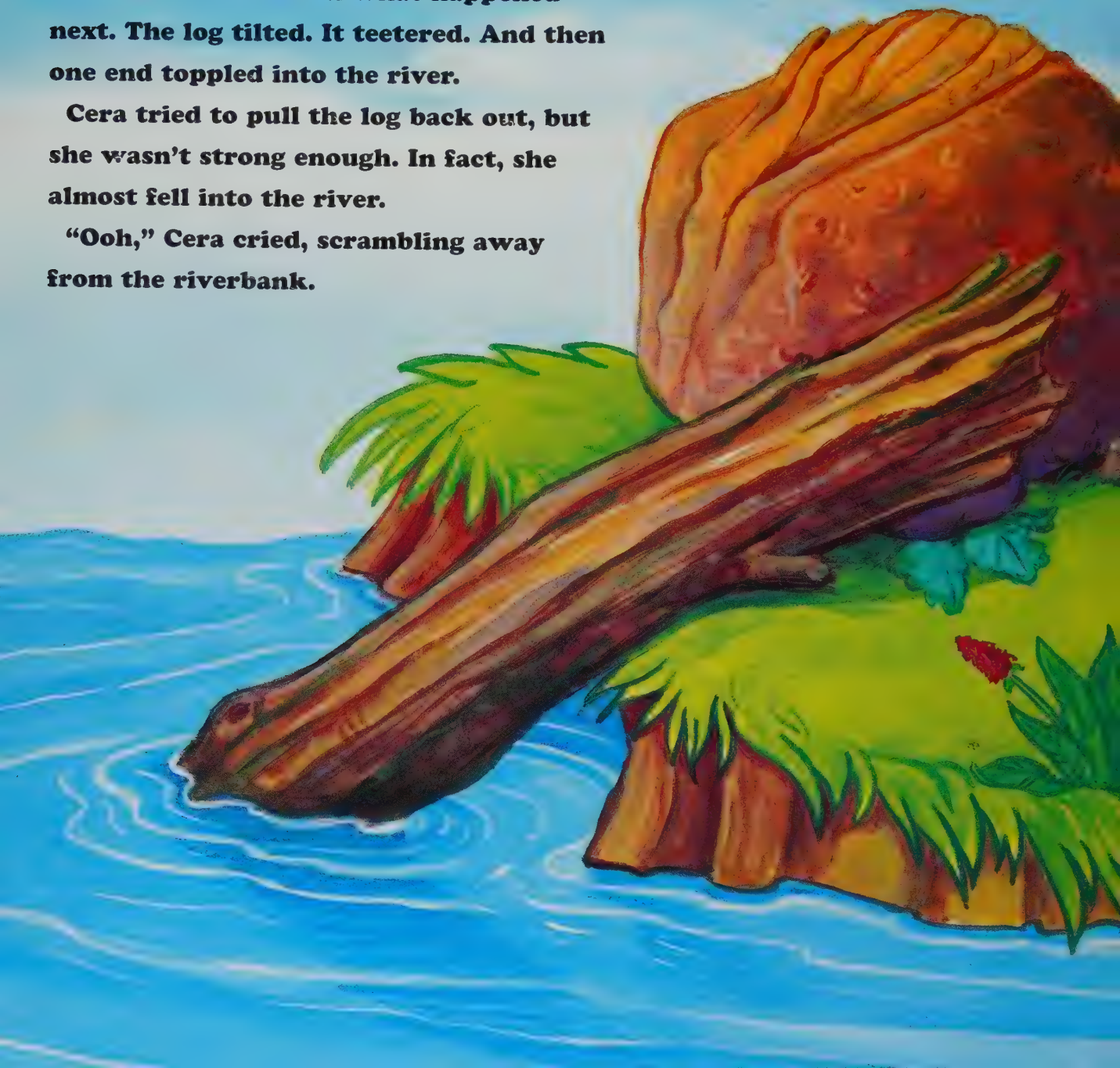




**Cera didn't count on what happened next. The log tilted. It teetered. And then one end toppled into the river.**

**Cera tried to pull the log back out, but she wasn't strong enough. In fact, she almost fell into the river.**

**"Ooh," Cera cried, scrambling away from the riverbank.**







**Cera stomped in a circle and then sat down in a huff. Suddenly, a huge boulder rolled past her. Splash! It landed right in the middle of the river.**



**“What are you doing, Spike?” Cera demanded, as Spike walked down the hill.**

**Spike wasn’t listening. He grabbed Cera’s log and began pulling it from the river.**







**The log moved very slowly. Cera watched Spike struggle with it, then she jumped up and helped. Together, they moved it toward the big boulder. Instead of dropping into the water again, the log slid across the top of the boulder and over to the other side.**

**“Hooray!” Cera cheered. “You did it, Spike! That is . . . we did it.”**



**Just then, Ducky walked up from the edge of the river. She had a huge mound of mud in her arms. “You are making a bridge,” said Ducky. “Oh, yes, you are.”**







**"This will keep the log from moving. Yes, it will!" Ducky said, as she packed the mud between the log and the ground.**





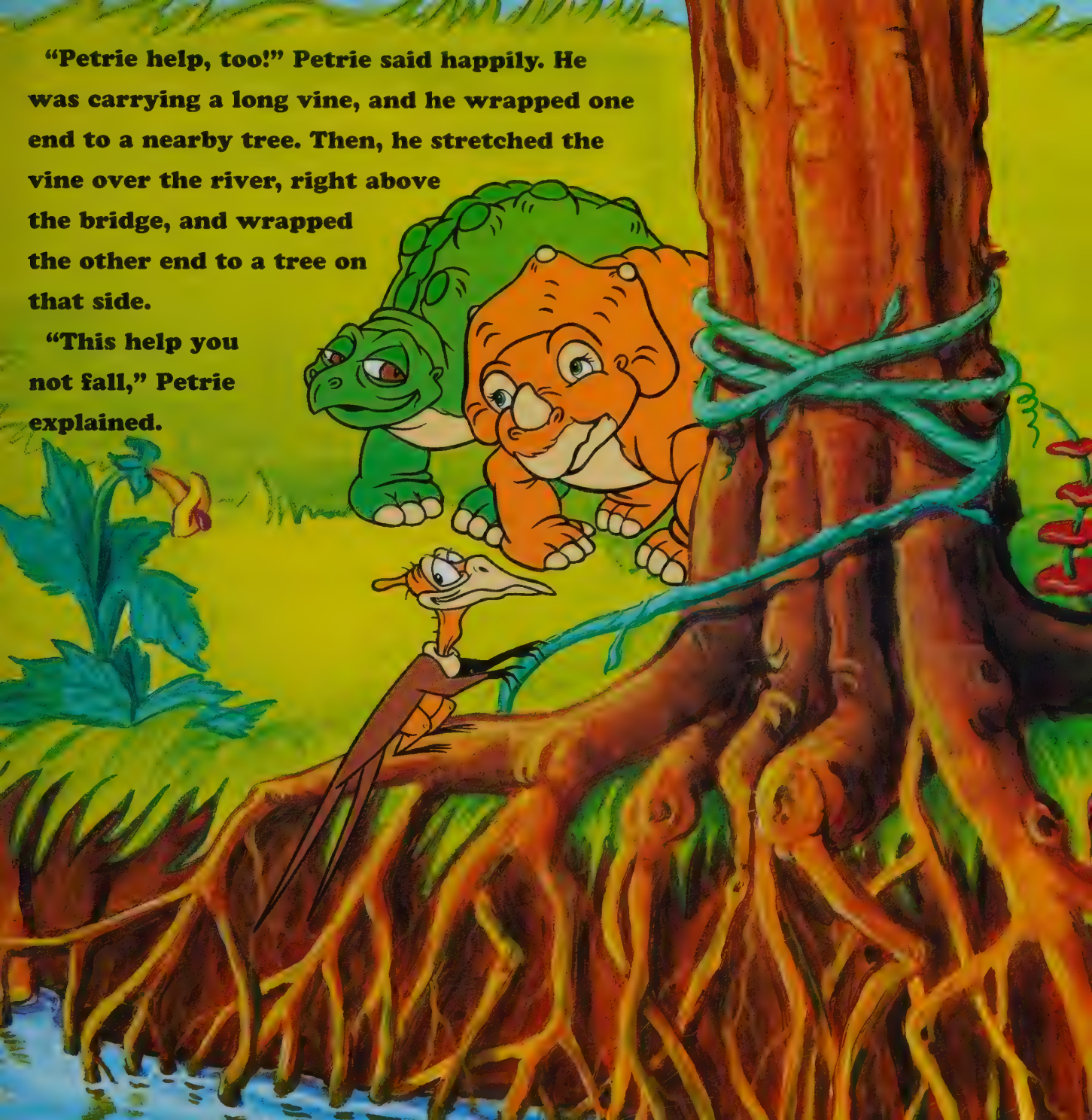
**“And this will help us  
step onto it,” Littlefoot explained, as he appeared  
pushing a flat stone up to the log.**

**Cera watched her friends in amazement. Making a bridge was so much  
easier when you didn’t have to do everything by yourself.**



**“Petrie help, too!” Petrie said happily. He was carrying a long vine, and he wrapped one end to a nearby tree. Then, he stretched the vine over the river, right above the bridge, and wrapped the other end to a tree on that side.**

**“This help you not fall,” Petrie explained.**





**Cera smiled at her friends. "I guess I'm not the only one around here with good ideas, after all," she admitted.**

**"No, but you were the only one willing to make a bridge," said Littlefoot.**





**"Here is the 'Cera, Spike, Littlefoot, Ducky and Petrie Bridge'!" Cera exclaimed.**

**"Petrie lead the way," said Petrie, leaping into the air.**

**The rest of them proudly stepped onto their bridge. As they crossed the river, the log creaked under their weight and the vine rope swayed a little, but they made it to the other side just fine.**







**"I told you the tree stars would be yummy!" said Cera, sitting back. Spike nodded, enjoying his very large tree star.**

**"Mmm," said Littlefoot and Petrie together.**

**"They are very, very good," said Ducky. "Yes, they are."**

**"Thanks for all the help," Cera said quietly. "I couldn't have done it without you."**









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